and magnificent works undertaken, I see many things pulled down, but except a repair in the roof of the Luxembourg, the alteration of the Palais Bourbon and the finishing of the bridge, I have not seen one new stone put upon another.

There are wood and plaster statues where brass and marble stood, dead poplar trees of liberty,[1] and the words "*propriete nationale*" upon more than half the houses. These are the present ornaments of Paris.

The H6tel du Pare Royal is now a printing-house ; 1'Hotel de TUniversit^, an office for the artillery. The Fauxbourg St, Germain is quite de-populated; its hotels almost all seized by Govern-ment, and the streets near the Boulevard are choked with weeds. There is little bustle, except about the Palais de TEgalit6, which is a complete receptacle of filth. The buildings about it are ruinous. Poor Bablot, of the "Pare royal," died of a broken heart.

I have been to the site of the Bastille, now a timber-yard. As there have been fifty-seven new prisons instituted in Paris, I think I may say that

[i] Similar *ornaments* are still permitted to disfigure three of the handsomest portions of Brussels. All persons in that city unite in condemning their being preserved; but no one has the good taste or courage to propose their removal.